GRAND

CONCERT

VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL,

IN AID OF THE

Memorial Church Organ Fund.

CITY HALL, LONDON,

Tuesday Evening, 15th April, '73

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MRS. RAYMOND.

Programmes, with the words of the Songs, &c., can be procured at E. A. Taylor and Co.'s, and W. L. Carrie's.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

1 DUET (2 pianos)—"Norma." ..... *Thalberg*

MRS. MOORE AND MISS CLINTON.

2 VOCAL DUET—O! Lady Moon! ..... *Wallace.*

MRS. FURNESS AND DR. SIPPI.

3 SONG—Love, the Pilgrim ..... *Blumenthal.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

4 CLARIONET SOLO.

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

5 SONG.—The Lady of the Lee ..... *Smart.*

MRS. W. C. FURNESS.

6 RECIT. AND ARIA—"Waft her, Angels, to the Skies." *Handel.*

DR. C. A. SIPPI.

7 PIANO SOLO—"Rigoletto." ..... *Listz.*

MISS CLINTON.

8 SONG—The Stormy Petrel ..... *Harvey.*

MR. W. C. FURNESS.

PART SECOND.

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1 VIOLIN SOLO.

MR. GEO. B. SIPPI.

2 TERZETTO—"Gratias" from "Messe Solennelle." *Rossini.*

MRS. FURNESS, DR. SIPPI AND MR. FURNESS.

3 DUET (2 pianos.)—Les Huguenots. *Thalberg and De Beriot*

MISS KATE CHITTENDEN AND MISS CLINTON.

4 SONG—"I'm a Forester Free."..... *Reyloff.*

MR. W. C. FURNESS.

5 PIANO SOLO—"Il Trovatore."..... *Gottschalk.*

MRS. MOORE.

6 SONG—Out on the Rocks...*Madame Sainton Dolby.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

7 SONG—The Yeoman's Wedding..... *Poniatowski.*

DR. C. A. SIPPI.

8 VIOLIN SOLO—Rhapsodie Hungrois..... *Hanser.*

DR. C. B. SIPPI.

9 CLARIONET SOLO—Concertino in B s..... *Klose.*

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

DUET—(2 pianos.) "Norma." ..... *Thalberg.*
MRS. MOORE AND MISS CLINTON.

DUET—(Vocal.) O! LADY MOON! *Wallace.*
MRS. FURNESS AND DR. SIPPI.

Soprano.

O, Lady Moon,
On silver clouds reclining,
While at thy feet,
Obedient night winds rove;
How can I gaze upon thy beauty shining,
And not believe thou must be blest in love.
If, as thou ridest in thy chariots beaming,
Thou look'st on earth from Heaven's ethereal field,
Guard my young heart from Passion's fever dreaming,
Too prone, alas! to its fond spells to yield.

Tenor.

O, maiden fair! my life hath been so dreary
Since last I gazed into those gentle eyes;
Wilt thou not now reward the pilgrim weary

With one bright smile—a day-dream of the skies?
Tremble not thus, I only come to cheer thee,
Hiding no thought to trifle or betray.

Duet.

Oh! 'twere in vain to say, I will not hear thee;
Go, idle pride, my heart is giv'n away;
Night, with its gloom, so long as thou art near me,
Fuller of glory is far, is far than day!

SONG LOVE, THE PILGRIM. *Blumenthal.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

Every day a pilgrim blindfold,
When the night and morning meet,
Entereth the slumb'ring city,
Stealeth down the silent street,
Stealeth down the silent street.
Ling'reth round some batter'd doorway,
Leaves, unblest, some portal grand,
And the walls where sleep the children,
Toucheth with his warm young hand.
Love is passing! Love is passing!
Passing while ye lie asleep:
Love is passing! Love is passing!
Passing while ye lie asleep.
In your blessed dreams, O children,
Give him all your hearts to keep;
In your blessed dreams, O children,
Give him all your hearts to keep.
Love is passing, Love is passing.

Blind-fold is this pilgrim, maiden.
Though to-day he touch'd thy door,
He may pass it by to-morrow,
Pass it to return no more;
Pass it to return no more.
Let us then with pray'rs entreat him,
Youth! her heart whose coldness grieves,
May one morn by Love be softened,
Prize the treasure that he leaves.
Love is passing! Love is passing!
Passing while ye lie asleep;
Love is passing! Love is passing!
Passing while ye lie asleep.
Bid this pilgrim touch the lintels
Of your door-ways ev'ry day;
Bid this pilgrim touch the lintels
Of your door-ways ev'ry day.
Love is passing! Love is passing!

CLARIONET SOLO.

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

SONG. THE LADY OF THE LEA *Smart.*

MRS. W. C. FURNESS.

Oh! the Lady of the Lea,
Fair and young and gay was she,
Beautiful exceedingly,
The Lady of the Lea.

Many a wooer sought her hand,
For she had gold and she had land—
Ev'ry thing at her command,
  The Lady of the Lea.
Oh! the Lady of the Lea,
Fair, and young, and gay was she,
Fanciful exceedingly, The Lady of the Lea.

When she held, in bow'r or hall,
Banquet high, or festival,
On ev'ry side her glance would fall,
  Sparkling merrily.
But when ask'd if she would wed,
She would toss her dainty head,
Saying, laughingly instead,
  "Sirs, we would be free."
"Time enough, I trow," quoth she,
"When we're tir'd of liberty;"
"For the present we would be, The Lady of the Lea."

To her bow'r at length there came,
A youthful knight of noble name,
Hand and heart, in hope to claim,
  And in love fell she.
Still she put his suit aside,
So he left her in her pride,
And, broken hearted, droop'd and died,
  The Lady of the Lea!
Oh! the Lady of the Lea,
Fair, and young, as fair could be,
Cold within the tomb lies she!
  Sleeping peacefully.

RECIT. AND ARIA.

WAFT HER, ANGELS, THROUGH THE SKIES.

From Jephtha, Handel.

DR. C. A. SIPPI.

Recitative.

Deeper and deeper still thy goodness, child, pierceth a father's bleeding heart,
And checks the cruel sentence on my faltering tongue.
Oh, let me whisper it to the raging winds or howling deserts—
For the ears of men it is too shocking. Yet, have I not vow'd.
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps like Chemosh, and such fabled Deities?
Oh no; Heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote them down;
It must be so, 'tis this that racks my brain, and pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness, horrid thought,
My only daughter! So dear a child, doomed by a father!
Yes, the vow is past, and Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes; therefore, to-morrow's dawn,
To-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

Aria.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Waft her, angels, through the skies, far above yon azure plain, far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there like you to rise, there like you for ever reign.
Waft her, angels, through the skies, far above yon azure plain.

PIANO SOLO. "Rigoletto." ..... *Listz.*
MISS CLINTON.

SONG. THE STORMY PETREL. *Harvey.*
MR. W. C. FURNESS.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quiv'ring reeds,
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—
They strain, and they crack, and their hearts like stone,
Their nat'ral hard, proud strength deny.
A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
Up and down, mid the flashing foam,
The stormy Petrel finds a home.

Over the deep, over the deep,
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep,
Out-flying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard.
And thus does the prophet of good or ill,

Meet hate from the creature he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er flatters so Petrel still;
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wings.
A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
Up and down mid the flashing foam,
The stormy Petrel finds a home.

PART SECOND.

VIOLIN SOLO

MR. G. B. SIPPI.

TERZETTO—"Gratias," from "Messe Solennelle."

Rossini.

MRS. FURNESS, DR. SIPPI AND MR. FURNESS.

Gratius agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.

DUET—(2 pianos.) "Les Huguenots."

Thalberg aud De Beriot.

MISS KATE CHITTENDEN (pupil of Miss Clinton) AND MISS CLINTON.

SONG I'M A FORESTER FREE. *Reyloff.*

MR. W. C. FURNESS.

I'm a forester free and bold,
And hunt the wild wolf to his hold;
I care for neither heat nor cold,
I've rent and taxes free.
At morning light I track the roe,
Through briar and brake in chase I go,
Of raging storms no fear I know—
A forester's life for me.

No monarch's board has better fare,
A fat deer's haunch each day is there,
And costs me nothing, I do declare,
No pay they get from me.
I laugh at those who toil for gold,
Their freedom's bought, their hearts are sold,
So I'll be king of the greenwood bold—
A forester's life for me.

PIANO SOLO. "Il Trovatore." ..... *Gottschalk.*
MRS. MOORE.

SONG. "OUT ON THE ROCKS."
Madame Sainton Dolby.
MISS WILLIAMS.

Do you remember it, darling, I wonder,
Do you remember it so long ago;
All that we said as we stroll'd there together,
Out on the rocks when the tide was low.
What did I say as we stroll'd on together,
What did you answer me timid and low;
What did you promise me, do you remember it?
Out on the rocks when the tide was low,
When the tide was low.

Never remember it, never remember it,
I have forgiven it long, long ago;
Only I think of it, only I think of it,
Out on the rocks when the tide is low.

I have forgiven it, only I think of it,
Out on the rocks when the tide is low,
When the tide is low,
When the tide, the tide is low.

Song.—THE YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG.

Prince Poniatowski.

Dr. C. A. Sippi.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, I love the song,
For it is my wedding morning,
And the bride so gay in fine array
For the day will be now adorning.
Tho' I've little wealth but sovereign health,
And am only a yeoman free,
When heart joins hand there's none in the land
Can be richer in joys than we.
Ding dong, ding dong, we'll galop along,
All fears and doubting scorning;
Ding dong, we'll galop along,
All fears and doubting scorning.
Through the valley we'll haste,
For we've no time to waste,
As this is my wedding morning.

VERSE 2nd.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, my steed hie on,
For the church will soon be filling;
They must not wait, they must not wait,
For were we late, they'd deem the groom unwilling.
The sun is high in the morning sky,
And the lark o'er our heads doth sing

A bridal song as we galop along,
  Keeping time to the bells as they ring.
Ding dong, ding dong, we'll galop along,
  All fears and doubting scorning;
Ding dong, we'll galop along,
  All fears and doubting scorning;
Through the valley we'll haste, for we've no time to
    waste,
  As this is my wedding morning.

FINALE. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.